THE SOLDIER

Turned Farmer.

Northampton,

A. R. MERRIFIELD.

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THE
SOLDIER
Turned Farmer.

NORTHAMPTON,
A. R. MERRIFIELD.

THERE was a little boy who was just four years old when I knew him, and he lived in this house, and

when he grew up he did not wish to be a scholar and learn the letters, but wanted to be a soldier and follow the drum.

Well, this boy did become a soldier, and he was dressed in a suit of fine

clothes every day, and he strutted about, but if he did

any thing wrong, he was sure to be whipped. See him march before the sen-

try box, which I think is very hard work, because he must keep going all the time, whether it rains hard or shines hot. On his shoulder is a heavy gun

like the one you see here, on his back is a knapsack, and on his head a great cocked hat.

Well, after a little time, he had to go to a great dis-

tance from home, into another part of the world, and one night while lying under the tent on his straw

bed, by hearing a large lion roar, for he was in that part of the globe where they live, and he was so frightened that he said he wished himself at home. From that time he began to think how he could get back to his native country. He came home in the very first ship that went that way.

When he got home, he left off his colored clothes, and his gun and belts, and put on farmer's clothes instead of them, and went to work at farming. He spent his leisure time in learning to read and spell. He was afterwards industrious and very happy.

It is much better for him to be a farmer, and to keep pigs, and sheep, and cows, and horses, than to be shooting men with his dirty, black powder and lead balls, and I wish him success in his new labor.